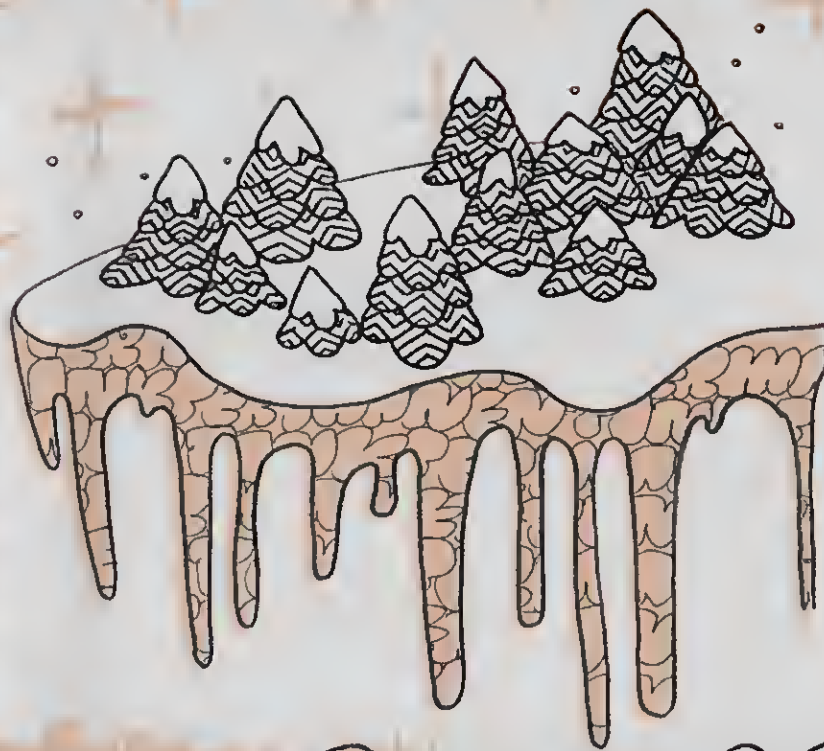


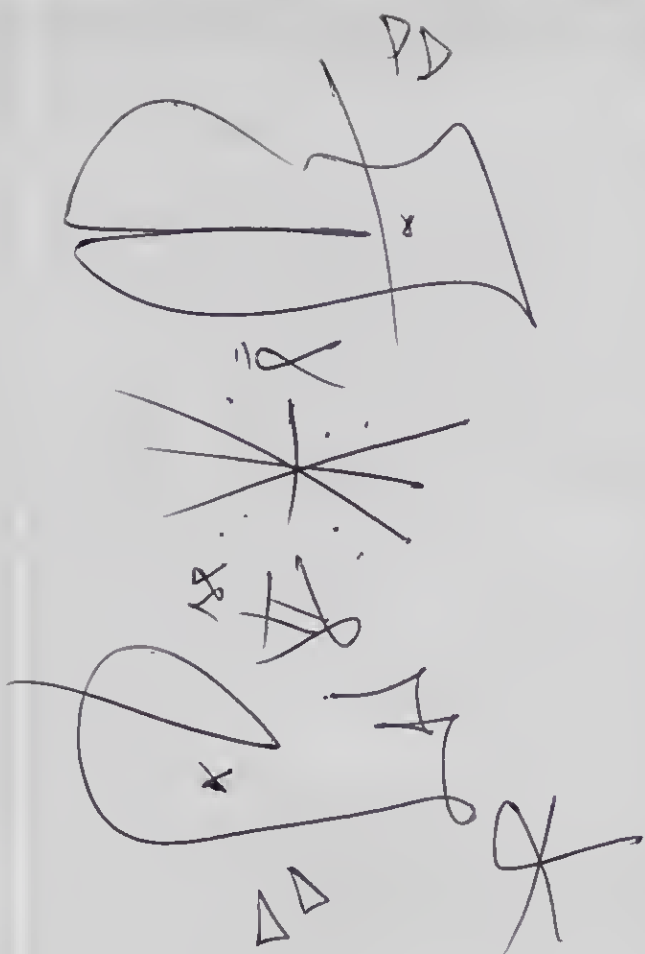
BEVER



PERMANENT PINK PERMANENT

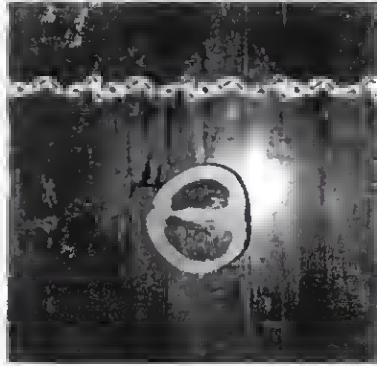
388/SDD

11"  
SECOND  
PRESS



πλ

U



Printed by PageInJoymentPress  
1026 cover apsr:/avoid  
\* cover apsr:/avoid  
\* cover apsr:/avoid  
\* freight h0p 07  
\* artists pages

\* final thought: R. Mishanir



contact:  
www.flickr.com/dystova  
www.spacemy.com/picrew  
dystovaone@yahoo.com



MACHINE# — AMT PAID

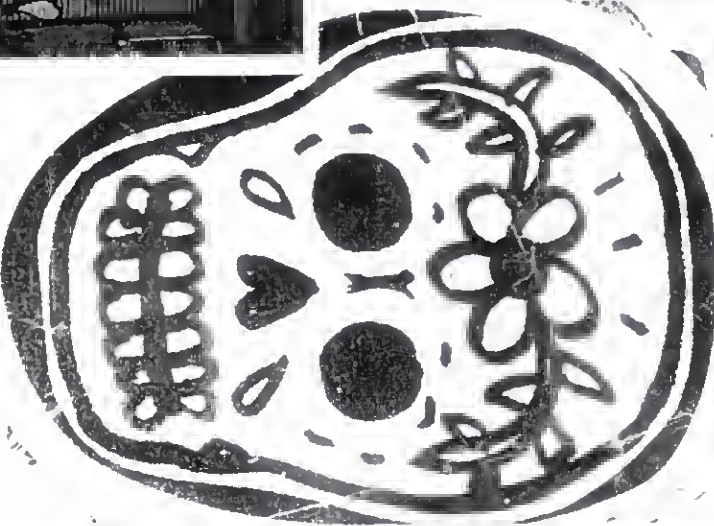
# AMT PAID

# STABI-TIL

**MACHINE #** 000000  
**AMT PAID** \$100.00  
START DATE 01/01/89  
END DATE 01/01/89



Idol burners  
and the centre  
points of new  
crossing paths  
and total  
destruction  
new york



In spots that only a night before were buffed above  
that at least some part of our public relates to  
and appreciates this form of expression. Until there  
is drastic restrictions of corporate advertising, the  
plethora of which pollutes the city more than Graffiti  
ever could, no one can rightly claim that one act is  
wrong while another is right. Indeed, if either  
of the two mediums would be considered right then  
Graffiti would have to win the prize since it so  
purely takes the utmost amendment of the American  
Constitution and utilizes its privilege. Graffiti  
is a right because freedom of speech is a right;  
Graffiti's only crime is appreciating that precious  
freedom.

I urge all people, but especially those of our  
Generation, to take another look at what Graffiti  
actually is. Its importance is spoken of finally by  
the act of its creators. Graffiti artists work under  
the constant threat of persecution by the law. There  
was a time in history that my novel, *TRILL TO FORT SE*,  
could have claimed it as vandalizing the walls of  
American society. I recall how kind *unreco*  
censorship artists like the ones William S. Burroughs  
and James Joyce once did, for their respective novels  
"Naked Lunch" and "Ulysses". Or I would have been sent  
to prison or forced into exile like an Oscar Wilde or a  
Dostoyevsky. Having gained the right to express  
myself and the troubles of my Generation without censorship  
I am obligated to defend and respect those who are  
still denied that right. We should remember that Burroughs's  
statement about writers: "A surgeon has the right to  
do his job even though it exposes unpleasant and  
grotesque facts; and I believe a writer should have  
that same right". I agree with Mr. Burroughs. Every  
writer should fully enjoy his first amendment right,  
even those writers who happen to work in Graffiti.

Pam! Shandr NYC E008

In an age of consolidated media, where the tools of expression are controlled by a system whose only purpose is the selling of product, true and raw cultural expression has been ~~silently~~ silently outlawed for the goal of transforming a citizenry into a population of consumers. Every corner and every street in New York is littered with various advertisements, some louder than others, but all the same in their vain superficiality and in their apothecia of conformity. The act of graffiti is more important today than it has ever been. Graffiti is always act-as voice of the people, but today with the costs of publishing high and the gallery circuit closed off, graffiti has become one of the best ways to express the voice of the people- that voice America so rarely wants to hear because it speaks of the truth, speaks of America's dark corners and invisible poor, her lost youth and neglected artists. Even in its most cryptic scribbling graffiti cries out, "I TOO EXIST. I ONCE WAS INVISIBLE BUT NOW I'M HERE AND FUCK YOU."

One of the strongest arguments against graffiti is that it vandalizes private property. In a city where this "private property" acts as one large billboard for a manufactured voice such an argument falls flat. It is unjust to allow the edifice of buildings to be vandalized with one message because the messenger is equipped with the means to pay for his message, while illegalizing a similar vandalization by a much larger group which does not have the means to relay its message legally, meaning with vast corporate wealth. Claiming graffiti as a violent act of vandalization assumes that the American public as a whole is threatened by such acts. Such claims forget that our American population is large and varied; the constant reappearance of graffiti

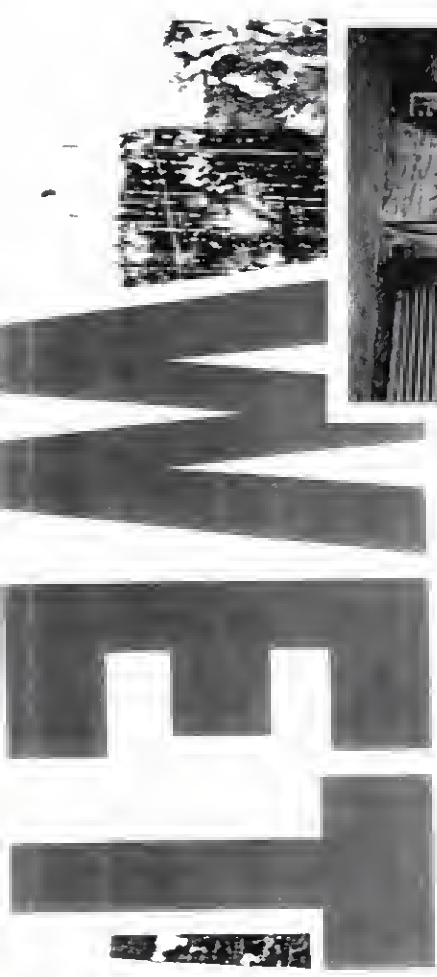
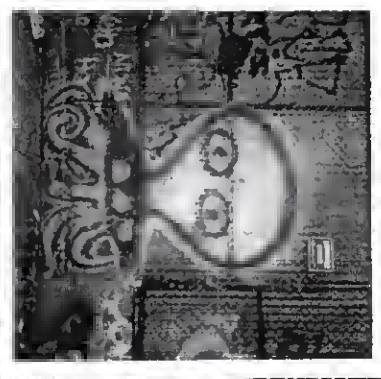




de-<sup>h</sup> SIN <sup>h</sup> h <sup>h</sup> h

At it this with a declaration of  
self-dependence [ah-hum] independent.  
I declare this chapter advanced. Ab-  
stracted, only by tangent-drawn thought,  
appeared momentarily, (sc. question is moving  
particles pay unit-time) in situ. Scribbling  
in short is challenging to express, never  
the less interpret. To be sharp is to bring

square, as being blunt is to no point  
-one fits wherever you put it - I have  
the (treasures; but where are you to save  
my ex (fiction) don't mind to grasp  
[interrogative (cosmo) [examined in sp?]  
I can see through connections relevant  
to how they dare to exist. Metaphor  
-nearly speaking I see the bricks  
and then the house, see the streets  
before the brick, see the forest before  
the stick. I see the seeds that made  
them give the sky pieces and make  
her give. With me ~~these~~ that ~~stayed~~  
so short to make a moment last a minute.  
took clock tick fix before the last  
chime of a watch + ~~the last~~  
Red Red Red Red Red

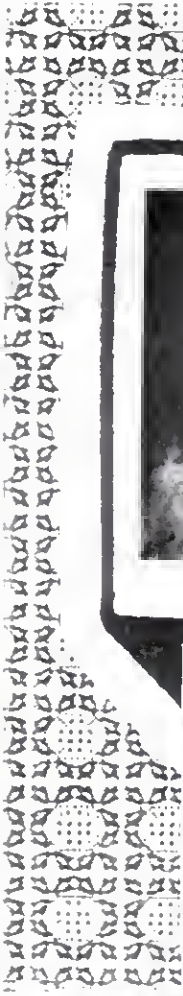
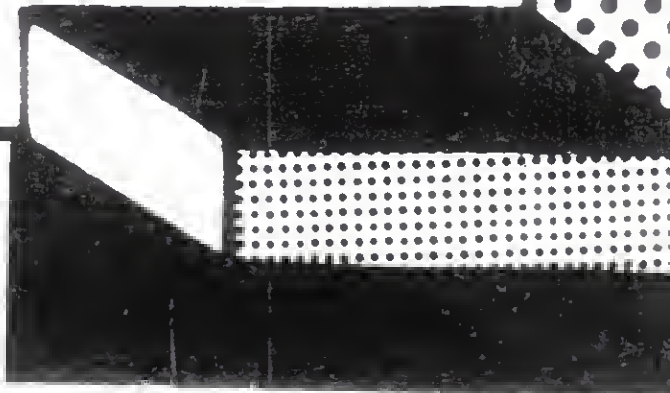
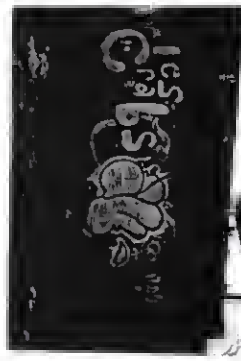




empty eyes set among  
the soft unstained garments







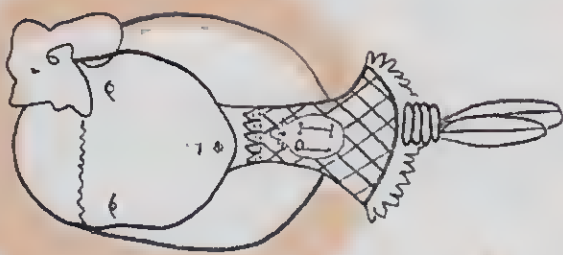
My mind is broken\*home  
and my back hurts



REMPONCEMENT

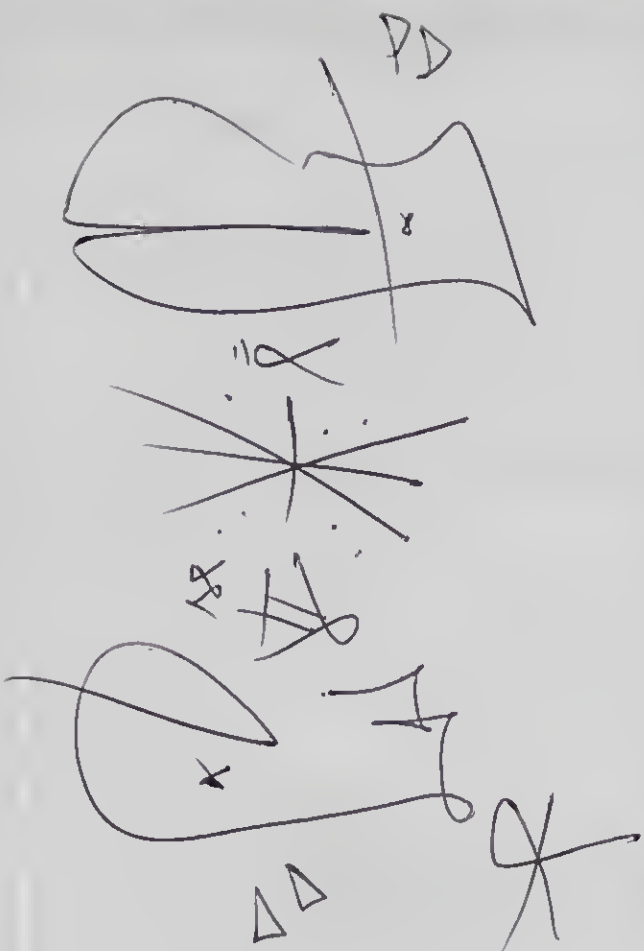


NEVER



388/SB

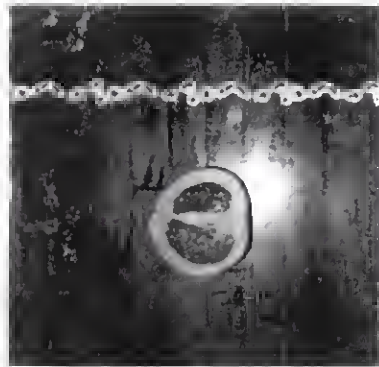
11"  
SECOND PRESS





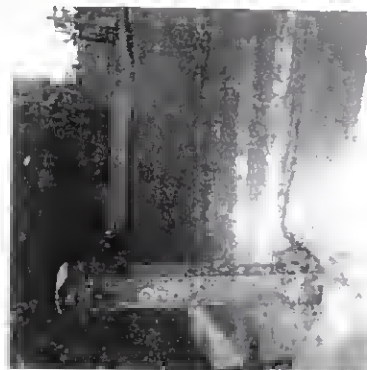
PERMANENT INK #11  
summer2008

ππ



ππππππππ

ππππ



contact:

[www.flickr.com/dystova](http://www.flickr.com/dystova)

[www.spacemy.com/picrew](http://www.spacemy.com/picrew)

[diavaone@yahoo.com](mailto:diavaone@yahoo.com)

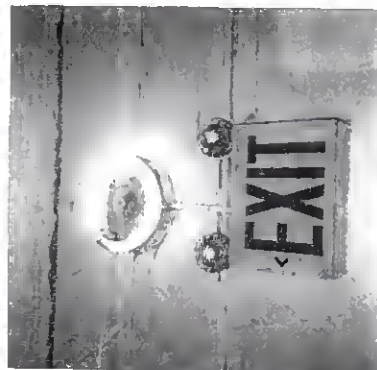
MACHINE# AMT PAID

START III

Printed by 1026 Injoyment Press  
cover apsre/avoid  
\* polaroids from avoid  
\* freight hop 07  
\* artists pages

\* final thought:  
R. Mishanir

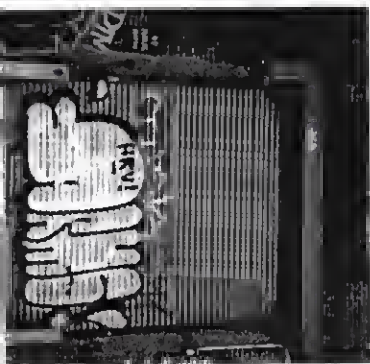
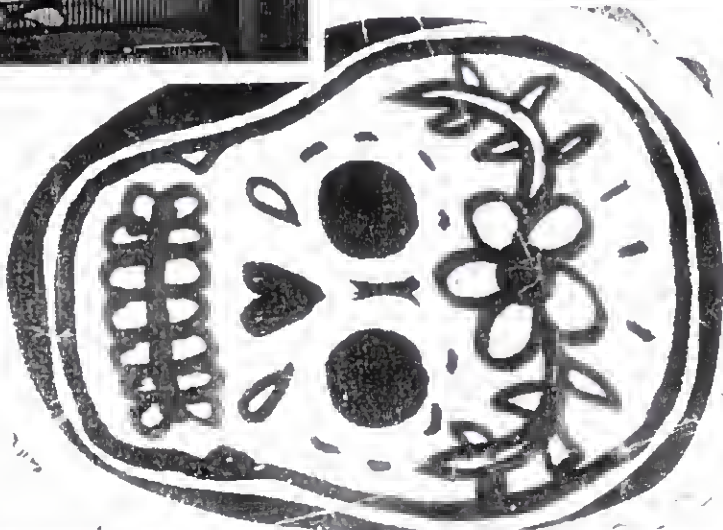
π



START III



Idiot happens  
and the centre  
pointe of new  
rossing paths  
and total  
destruction  
new york



in spots that only a night before were buffed shows that at least some part of our public relates to and appreciates this form of expression. Until there is drastic restrictions of corporate advertising, the plethora of which pollutes the city more than Graffiti ever could, no one can rightly claim that one act is wrong while another is right. Indeed, if either of the two mediums would be considered right then Graffiti would have to win the prize since it so purely takes the utmost amendment of the American Constitution and utilizes its privilege. Graffiti is a right because freedom of speech is a right; Graffiti's only crime is appreciating that precious freedom.

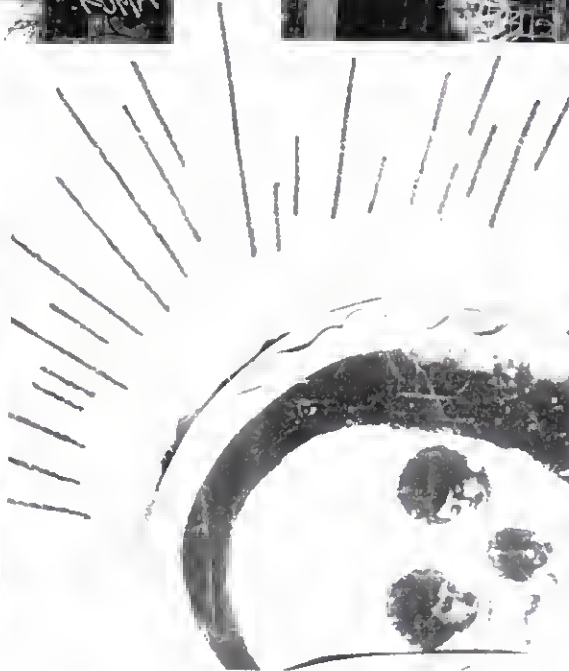
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Paul Shanir NYC E008



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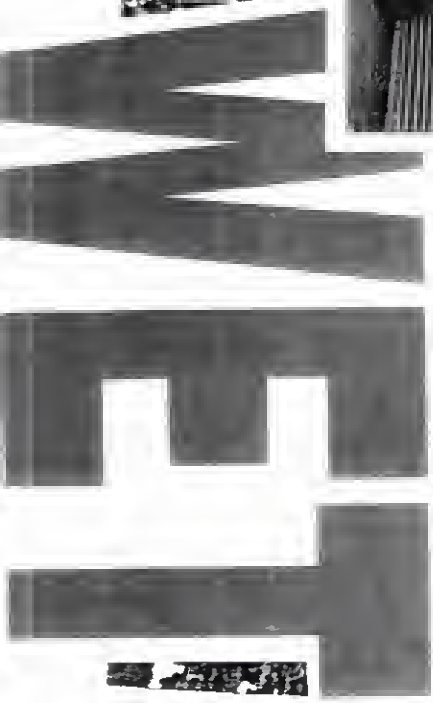
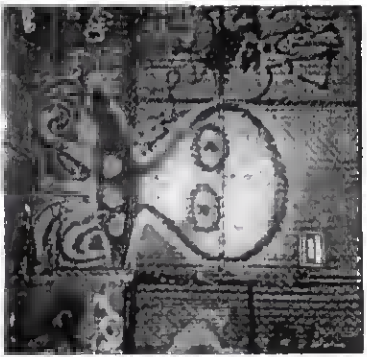
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ous SINKO <sup>-de-</sup> <sup>-my</sup> <sup>Oh</sup> <sup>do</sup>

As if this were a declaration of  
self-defence [ah-men] independence  
I declare this chapter adjourned. Ab-  
stracted, only by tangent-driven thoughts,  
peened momentarily, (sc. direction of moving  
particles pay out time) in 3rd. Scribbling  
in short is challenging to express, never-  
theless interpret. To a shaft is to bring

\* - away speaking I see the bricks  
and then the horse, see the streets  
before the brick, see the forest before  
the stick. I see the seeds that Made  
than give the first process and make  
her eye. with the ~~these~~ just ~~stayed~~  
so first → made a moment just a minute.  
took clock tick tick before the last  
chime ~~trig or mix~~ <sup>Repetitively</sup>



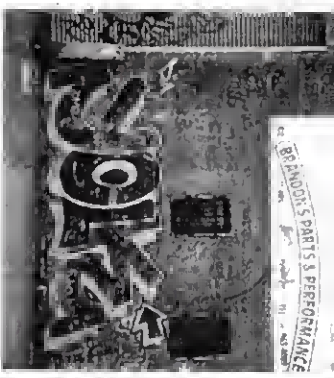




empty eyes set among  
the soft unstained garments

PALE





wash my hands clean  
of all of t hls



"My feeling is that people can't feel points of time because I set them all out."

Isaac Newton thought of time as a river flowing all the same mile everywhere. Albert Einstein, linked space and time into a single entity, but he still held on to the concept of time as a "river" of change. In Barbour's view there is no invisible river of time. Instead, he thinks to change merely creates an illusion of time with each individual moment existing in its own right, complete and whole. He calls these moments "Nows."

As we live, we seem to move through a succession of Nows. The question is, what are they? Barbour asks his reader: Each Now is an arrangement of everything in the universe. We have the strong impression that things have definite positions relative to each other. I aim to abstract away everything we cannot see, directly or indirectly, and simply keep the idea of many different things coexisting at once. There are simply the Nows, nothing more and nothing less.

Barbour's Nows can be imagined as pages of a novel ripped from the book's spine and tossed randomly onto the floor. Each page is a snapshot, still, of the universe as it exists at that moment. Arranging the pages in some special order and moving through them step by step makes it seem that a story is unfolding. Even so, no matter how we arrange the pages, each page is complete and independent. For Barbour, reality is just the physics of these Nows taken together as a whole.

"What really intrigues me is that the reality of all possible Nows has a very special structure," he says. "You can think of it as a landscape or country. Each point in the country is a Now, and I call the country 'Platonia,' in reference to Plato's conception of a deeper reality. Because it is timeless and created by perfect mathematical rules, Platonia is the true arena of the universe."

In Platonia all possible configurations of the universe, every possible location of every atom, exist

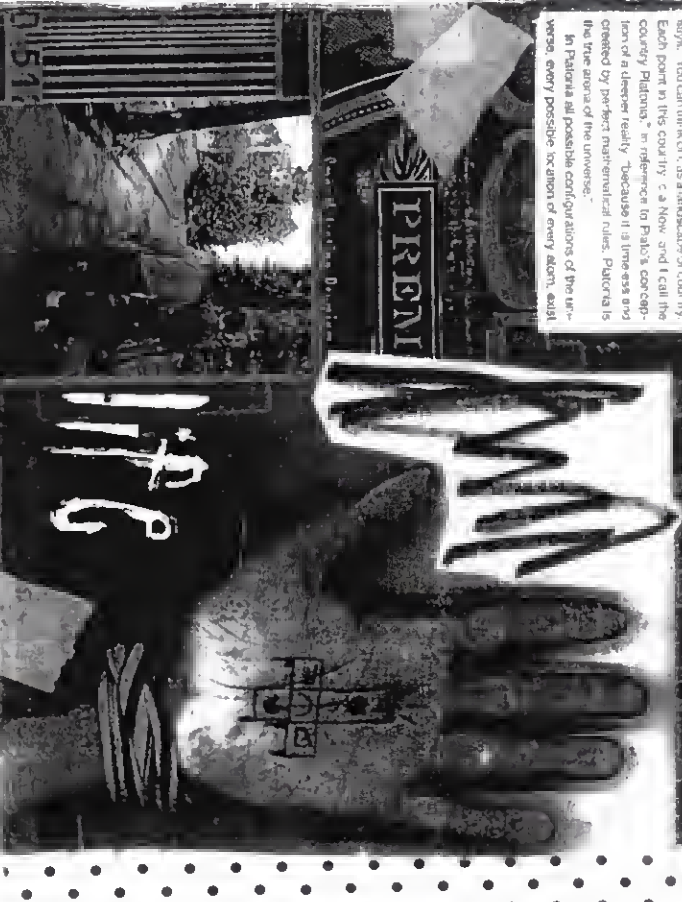
simultaneously. There is no past moment that flows into a future moment; the question of what came before the Big Bang never arises because Barbour's cosmology has no time. The Big Bang is not an event in the distant past. It is just one special place in Platonia.

Our illusion of the past comes because each Now in Platonia carries objects that appear as "records," or Barbour's language. The only evidence you have of last week is your memory—but memory comes from a stable structure of neurons in your brain now. The only evidence we have of the earth's past are rocks, not fossils—but those are just stable structures in the form of atoms and molecules. The only evidence we have of the past is the present. All we have are these records, and we only have them in this Now," Barbour says.

In his theory, same Nows are linked to others in Platonia's landscape even though they exist simultaneously. Those links create the appearance of a sequence from past to future. But there is no actual flow of time from one Now to another.

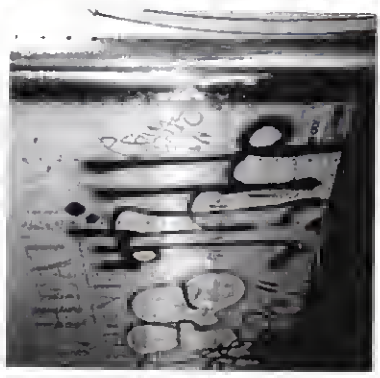
"Think of an antelope," Barbour says. "Every antelope exists simultaneously. But some of the antelopes are linked in a structure, like the set of all primes or the numbers you get from the Fibonacci series." Yet the number 3 does not occur in the past of the number 5 any more than the Big Bang exists in the past of the year 2008.

These ideas might sound like the stuff of late-night dorm-room conversations, but Barbour has spent four decades hammering them out in the hard language of mathematical physics. He has blundered Platonia with the equations of quantum mechanics to devise a mathematical description of a "changeless" physics. With his collaborator Neil O'Murchadha of the National University of Ireland in Cork, Barbour is continuing to reformulate a time-free version of Einstein's theory.





明月松间照  
清泉石上流



WARES  
WARES  
TURE  
NCES  
**HANI**  
229 ROEBLIN



NEED

*Thank  
you*



HELP

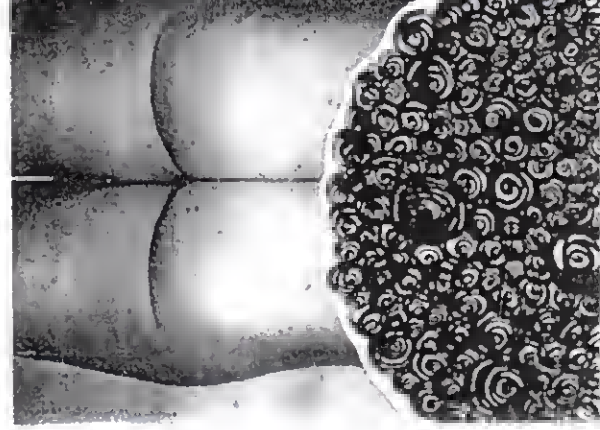
HOPE

GOD BLESS

Customer Signature

*[Handwritten signature]*

917-353-





DEAR WANDERING EYES,

I HAVE A PLAN TO KILL MYSELF, AND YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO WITNESS.

~~WITNESS~~ I WILL BE MAKING A PAIR OF CARDBOARD WINGS LINED WITH TEN BOTTLE ROCKETS ON EACH SIDE. I WILL THEN ATTACH THIS TO MY BACK WITH A STURDY STRING

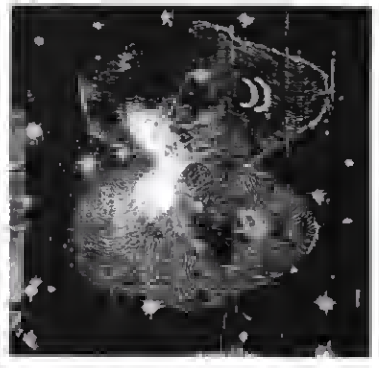
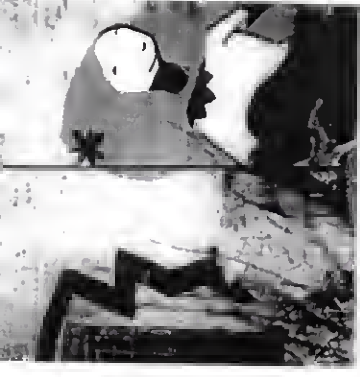
ON THE DAY OF MY DEATH. THIS CONSTRUCTION WILL BE USED TO PROPEL ME FROM THE ROCKY CLIFF OVER THE OCEAN.

N I

SOMETHING INSIDE ~~ME~~ HAS TOLD ME THAT I WILL INTERNALLY EXPLODE. BUT YOU WILL NOT WITNESS BLOOD AND GUTS FLYING IN EVERY WHICH DIRECTION. INSTEAD, BRIGHT COLORS AND CONFETTI WILL BURST AND RAIN AND THEY WILL BE PIECES OF ME.

YOU WILL LOOK AND YOU WILL SMILE AND YOU WILL LAUGH, THE MOMENT WILL LAST FOREVER AND YOU WILL BE FROZEN IN A FEELING OF ECSTATIC JOY/JOYFUL ECSTASY.

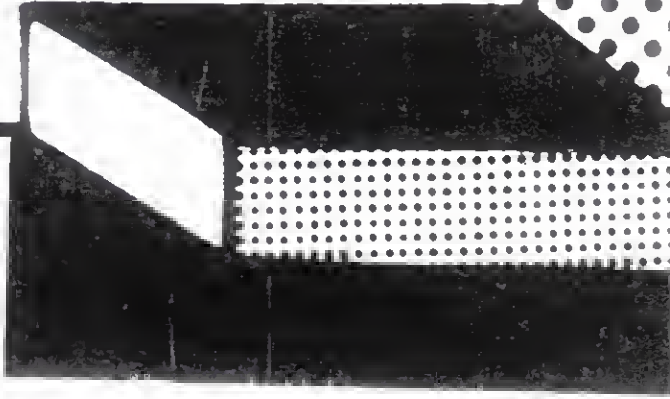
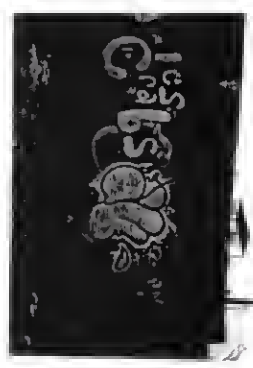
SINCERELY, JOHNNY DRIGGERS.



7422

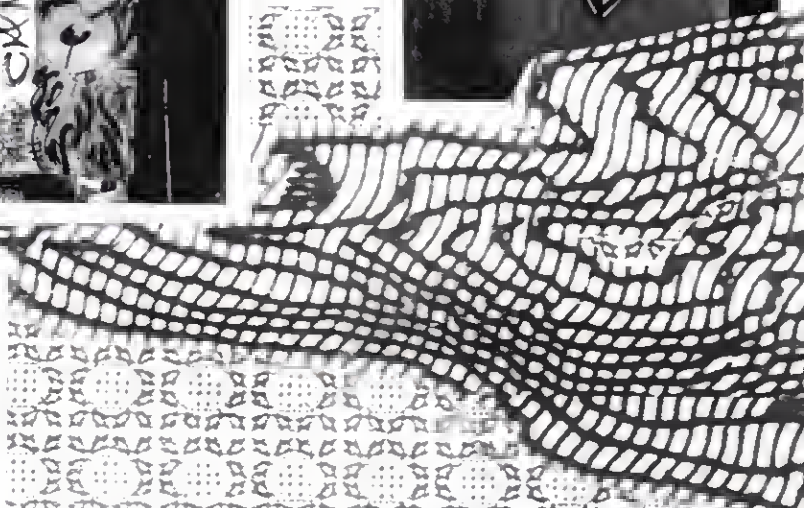
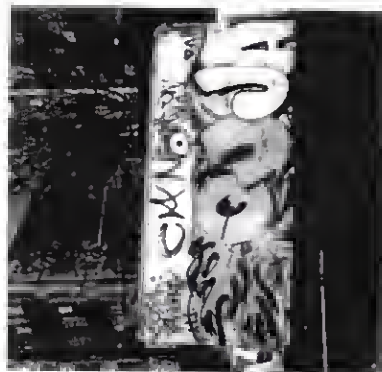
164302871850  
72 48  
y763204820172948 72-





my mind is broken\*home  
and my back hurts

open path to the  
top of the mountain  
open gates enlarged  
dissection



those who wander  
\*\*\*\*\*







not going down like  
Gatsby\*stay in  
motion \*

one day if heat and sun on baliseit  
rocks under backs and holes in vines.  
a junk train slowly rolls by, big open  
condolainull of much. wrap a shirt around  
our faces and we are off, out rolling  
through the vines low hanging around the  
tracks. \*\*\*further out of the city  
the sky turns dark, the ride slows down  
and we retreat to a graner-hole to  
watch a lightning storm\*\*anyric lights a joint  
during a lightning storm\*\*anyric lights a joint  
later that night/next morning, we come into  
a deep, miles long yard with intricate la yers  
of old sitting boxcars\* and new shiny white  
vans\*\*after sitting for 30 or so minutes,  
we ditch out, crossing 4 lines, two ditches  
right past a shack and through a highway  
into ant infested pine tree farm to  
litch away our sleepless night. ants ants  
hamletnc. yard is miles away from town, noon  
was piling up dirty hitchers, so we walk.  
sweat coverasation with old ladies at bardeos  
about history of train town, when de reasion  
strike in. take a nap by some work trains catch  
some bags. go back to the yard and plan our exit.  
the y have somehet not trains going at  
with little white trucks following in ytow.  
we catch a good break on a bend, get in  
snug in our grain crars, and wait for it.  
get out. ..then b eging, the train runs.

night quickly takes hold. years in the  
long line of mixed cars, railrogs, dub estates...  
rolled through empty towns wit. baseball it'd  
lightly. understall town intersections hell a to b a  
tracks. live been there. and we are the shadows I tow.  
stever a short nap, I awoke to anyric not. well, in a light  
a fell off for hardbut no response \* I thought that I was  
on the death I in-th in I stop non top ride of  
my life. maybe I rolled off in my sleep, or maybe  
anyric fell in. I was part of a blame in the trial.  
no, he was ontop of the car, straddling the wall. Great  
riding the cornet, psychodelic drestan elove flash  
the night eventually passed, and no rode smoothly  
into a small quiet Georgia town, placing into  
the darkness the night before \* hurling through space  
racin g over rivers into nothing. his was all  
sitting on  
the porch while we passed the overware, we knew we could  
would not be able to make it through at some.  
so we disboarded\* and ate a southern s tyle buffet  
with good ol boys in small town att. caught a  
ride after talking with a ufo sex freak at coffee  
shop\* boarded a Greyhound back after long deliberation  
Great ride\*07

factory direct....

trees in a row/stacked  
shut roll into the yard  
by yard bulls\* but we saw  
them first hand

the d. # 34  
summer

2007 Brooklyn, Columbia, Hamlet, Tucker.  
Rabbit Amyric and i left from Grand Central  
It was an RedEye bus \* Grayhounds run my dreams  
We took the usual route going through the  
Baltimore travel PLAZA \*\* home sweet  
and an exceptional layover in early morning  
RICHMOND VA??\* sitting at the bricks in  
front . discussing the det ails of how to  
board a moving freight train 6  
with rr and Amyric ( afrench adventurer)  
Young poor black youth from town with items for sale.  
back on the bus for hours more to go\*  
kudzu vison as the ride wore on to the carolinas  
we began to wait around the corner from my  
old# s house. near an exit from a main  
CSX yard . Our friend KLEVER join d us  
with some joints rolled by my father ..  
we waited the warm night but, deep in  
vines and dirt\* the strange deer ghost called  
out in a barking chirping fashion\* -  
the night was alive without the sound  
of a wellmoving notloading train anywhere  
the next morning. Kiever was gone, and  
the original 3 tried to do this spot further  
day, but getting some daytime action.  
we went right into the  
local 1 yard, slow stop, two white mini  
vans, track workers with poles, we retreated  
into the air flow holes in the center  
of the grain carrying cars we were riding.  
footsteps, slowly, past and up the rocks,  
and we make a break out of the yard  
out and up the fence to my fathers waiting  
ride, lay low, small town, this is big news  
next day, different spot, rabbit goes back  
home, having experienced the ride short and  
...now its me and frenchie, having bonded  
through diversity and determination and long  
waits for rideables out of a notoriously  
slow town to ride out of. WE wait anothe r day

PM  
7 23  
R7 33

H 7 47

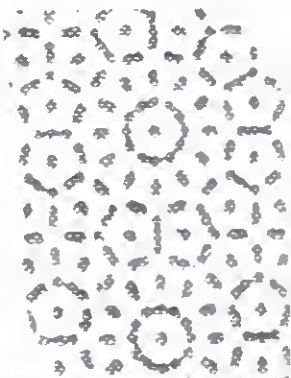
phone statick in my ear  
aconstant hum in the dark  
high pitched sonik sickness  
position yourself on the  
highest spot \* \*\*1



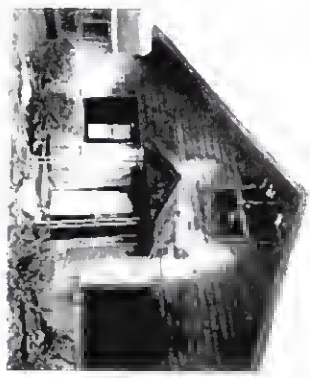
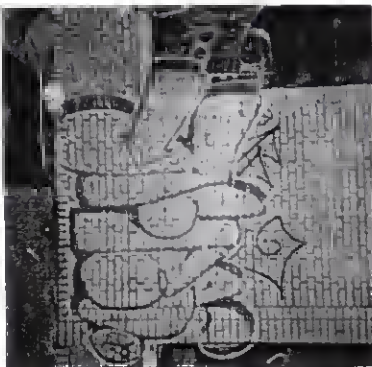
5 00	5 52	H5 17
5 04	5 54	5 30
5 06	5 56	PM
5 10	5 59	
5 12		



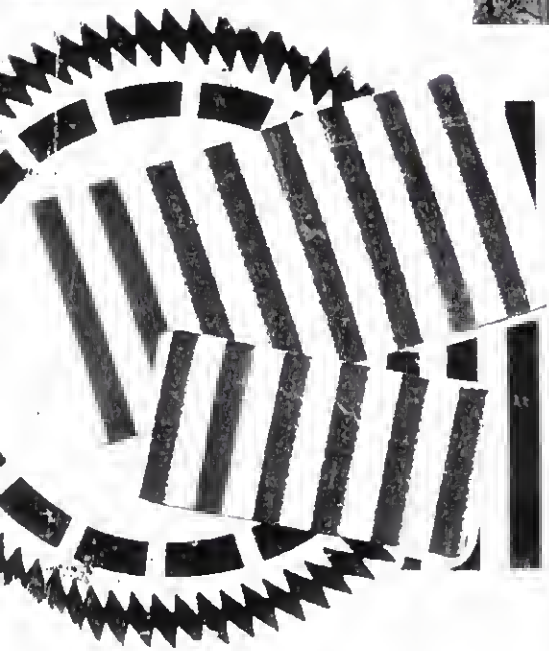
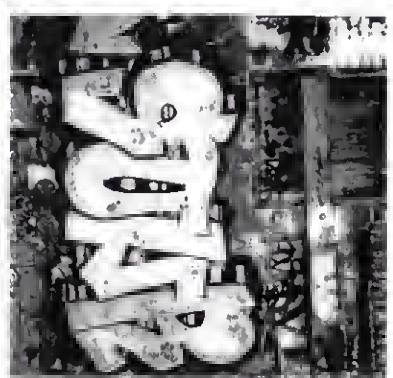




mean, nless  
friendless mass of  
recoil shout



UNITED STATES





ized **SALT**®

**SALT**®

**HERE** { indized **SALT**®  
**BREAK** }



cornered spots and  
extended lines\* break free  
rings around the sunspots  
in my eyes. still cant see



Postcode

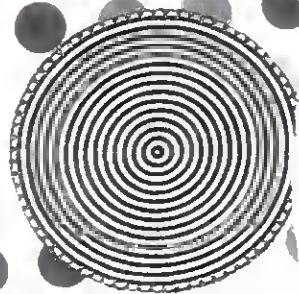
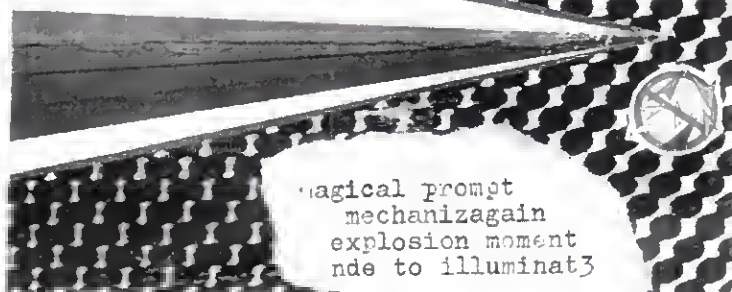
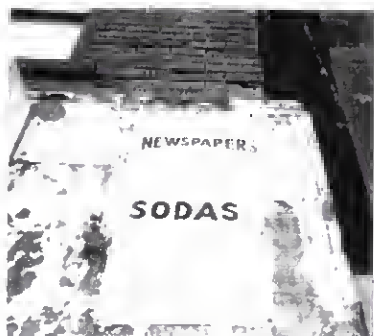
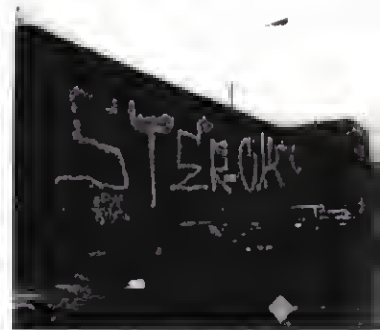
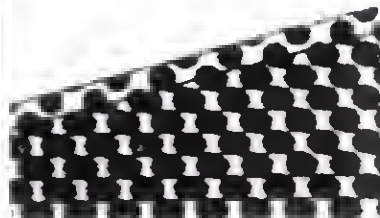
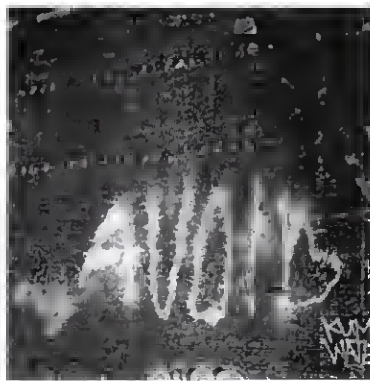
d address



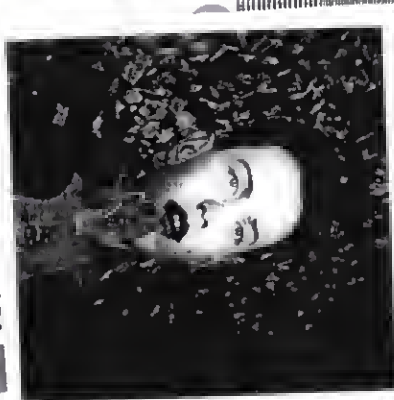
images from deep South,  
burnt down dream images  
unlocked \* from deep deepness  
how lost?







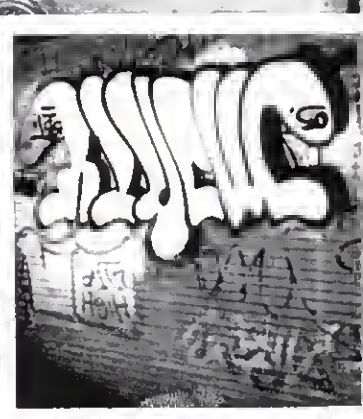
J. Sude, English  
BK- NY



EXPIRATION TIME  
EXPIRATION DATE



# C DOT-BUREAU OF PARKING DISPLAY ON DRIVER'S SIDE OF DASHBOARD



found polaroids visions of  
some others in alley trash  
like this will too \*

27058



